

AN

10/6

# EPISTLE

FROM A

Student at OXFORD,

TO THE

CHEVALIER.

Occasioned by

His Removal over the *Alps*,

And the DISCOVERY

Of the *Swedish* Conspiracy.

---

O *Tempora* ! O *Mores* !

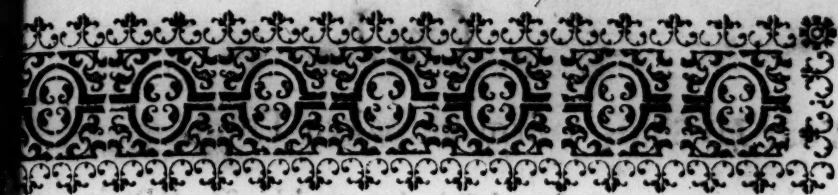
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A N

# EPISTLE

FROM A

Student at OXFORD

TO THE

## CHEVALIER.

While You, dread Sir, whom partial Heav'n  
[denies,  
The fruitful Vineyard and *Cis-Alpine* Skies,  
O'er frozen Heights and chilling Desarts stray,  
Far from your Native Soil, and promis'd Sway;  
Where to the View eternal Snows appear,  
Nor genial Spring relieves the starving Year:

Your *Isis* Sons, a firm unshaken Train,  
 Mourn your ill-fated Birth, and baffled Reign;  
 Impatient of their Thralldom, they disown  
 A foreign Lineage, and a plunder'd Throne;  
 Nor Heav'n nor Earth, Laws Human or Divine,  
 Shall disunite them from the *STUART Line*.

Let dauntless *FORSTER*, or unconquer'd *MAR*,  
 In Freedom's Cause provoke the rising War;  
 Let *ORMOND*'s Duke maintain the well-fought Field  
 And hardy *MACKINTOSH*, untaught to yield:  
 Nor envy *OXFORD*! since thy Sons engage  
 With equal Fortune, and more fervid Rage;  
 Tho' few our Monarch with the Musquet own,  
 (Ill suits the Musquet with a Length of Gown)  
 In midnight Revels we assert your Right,  
 And share the Laurels of a bloodless Fight:



curs be the Province to inflame Men's Ears  
 With bugbear Legends, and delusive Fears ;  
 Suspicious Doubts to raise, and Feuds foment,  
 And sap the Credit of the Government ;  
 ne, Unquestion'd Truths a latent Meaning bear ;  
 Justice is Cruelty, and Mercy Fear.

The CHURCH'S *Danger*, tho' a cunning *Tale*,  
 AR, Has lost its Influence, and is grown too stale.

Where *Brittain's* Fair in crouded Circles ride,  
 Field And in a Coach and Six display their Pride ;  
 The ductile Multitude, with greedy Eyes,  
 Expect to see a *Turnip-Harvest* rise.

Thus would our *Oxford*, with officious Love,  
 n, Her Vows unbroken, and Allegiance prove,

Soon as the Year his circled Race has run,  
 And the cold *Goat* receives the *Winter Sun* ;

Our

When

When HALLEY in his Garret reads the Skies,  
 And big with some Event each *Planet* spies;  
 Proud of the kind Occasion, we conceal  
 In *Hieroglyphicks* \* our unpunish'd Zeal;  
 Our *Seers* conven'd, the quaint Device impart,  
 And fondly trust it to the *Sculptor's* Art:  
 In the same Page the gentle Reader learns  
 When the *Moon* changes, and when JAMES returns

Long have we strove, but strove alas! in vain  
 To ease our Bondage, and to break the Chain;  
 By Foes o'ertaken, or by Friends betray'd,  
 We chase a Phantom, and we grasp a Shade;  
 Our Arms, our Councils, ineffectual prove,  
 And the proud Victor grows in Strength and Love

---

\* *The Oxford Almanack.*

While recreant Crouds desert the Bankrupt Cause,  
 Whom publick Faith, or private Int'rest draws ;  
 Whose lukewarm Zeal superior Fate disarms,  
 Or BRUNSWICK's too illustrious Virtue charms ;  
 Your OXFORD's Sons their early Faith retain,  
 While GEORGE invites, and Heav'n recalls in vain ;  
 Gainst Heav'n and Earth we urge your rightful  
 [Claim,  
 Unmov'd by Conscience, or opprobrious Fame ;  
 Nor Fame nor Conscience shake a *Tory's* Mind,  
 Nor plighted Oaths his fixt Resolves unbind :  
 Fearless he bears against whole Hosts of Foes,  
 And Hosts of Arguments in vain oppose.

On broken Schemes we muse the live-long Day,  
 Or to the Tavern take our cheerless way :

To

To † *Kit* and *Job* we fill the brimming Wine,  
 We praise the *Claret* and the *Right Divine* ;  
 With loud Huzzas the mystic Healths are roar'd,  
 And move incessant round the Loyal Board :  
 A sprightly Carol crowns the jovial Night,  
 Which tells of ORMOND's Deeds, or JAMES's *Right*  
 A Censure on each paltry *Whig* we pass,  
 CHURCHILL a Coward, STANHOPE is an Ass.  
 Before our Eyes now swims the dancing Ground,  
 The Candles are increas'd, the giddy Room turns  
 And in the racy Juice our sober Cares are drown'd.

All Night are drown'd—but see! the Day is born  
 Our Cares renewing with the op'ning Morn.  
 Our raging Breasts are torn with anxious Fears,  
 And ev'ry Brow a fullen Sorrow wears :

---

† Two Cant Words, the first (K.I.T.) i. e. King James the  
 The second (J.O.B.) James, Ormond, Belingbroke.



Listless o'er *Tea* and *Coffee* we regale,  
 And wish in vain to meet one friendly Mail;  
 Thro' ev'ry fatal *Paragraph* we find  
 Confed'rate Kings in hostile Leagues combin'd;  
 Our much-lov'd JAMES from Shore to Shore is tost,  
 And Cause of Grief returns with ev'ry *Post*.

Our *Sacred Mother* \* bleeds in ev'ry Vein,  
 Stung with the Insults of a spurious Reign:  
 Within her Walls soft Ease and Silence sleep,  
 And lazy *Batts* their peaceful Empire keep;  
 The laurell'd Sisters, a dejected Throng,  
 Their Hair dishevell'd, and their Harps unstrung,  
 With piteous Wailings fill the lonesome Shade;  
 Or on the *Isis* verdant Margin laid,  
 Of empty Fanes, and bloodless Altars dream,  
 And sigh their Sorrows to the list'ning Stream.

Science long since, fair Goddess! took her Flight  
 To Worlds, from whence she sprung, of Crystal Light  
 Dark *Politicks* delight, when *Logick* fails,  
 And MACHIAVEL, o'er SANDERSON prevails:  
 GASSENDUS reads his *Lectures* to himself,  
 And ARISTOTLE moulds upon the Shelf.

Whither for Succour shall our SOV'REIGN fly,  
 Where seek one potent Friend, one strong Ally?  
 Scarce in the shining Roll of *Europe's* Kings,  
 One, unemploy'd, to JAMES his *Quota* brings.  
 Great AUSTRIA'S Son, with blooming Laurels <sup>[crown'd]</sup>  
 To BRUNSWICK'S Race in lasting Ties is bound.  
 The CZAR, impatient of the *British* Sword,  
 Disowns our Friendship, and betrays his Word.  
 A Thirst of Empire and ambitious Pride  
 Have flatter'd ORLEANS to the *Victor's* Side;

Perfidious *Prince!* and do you thus fulfil  
*Rome's* strict Demands, and *BOURBON's* sacred Will?  
 And do you thus! O! monstrous! thus advance  
 The *Papal* Interest, and the Wealth of *France*?  
 And shall indeed *Mardyke's* tremendous Shore  
 In Ruins sleep?—and sleep to rise no more?  
 What shall the World be told, in times to come,  
 That *Gaul* heard *Brittain*, and rejected *Rome*?  
 Delusion all! is *BRUNSWICK's* Friendship fought  
 At such a costly Rate? so dearly bought?

The warless *Turk*, persu'd with fierce Alarms,  
 Scarce hopes for Safety from *Eugenio's* Arms;  
 Altho' such Lengths his vast Dominions run,  
 They know no Limits but the Main and Sun;  
 Yet joyful would he buy a peaceful Reign,  
 With Seas of ransom Blood, and gashly heaps of slain.

The POPE himself, tho' suppliant at his Feet  
 Our SOV'REIGN falls, affords a bare Retreat.  
 The daring SWEDE (at his much-honour'd Name  
 My Breast is kindled with a pious Flame)  
 By boldly aiming to regain your Crown,  
 On his own Head hath brought Destruction down:  
 The daring SWEDE, inur'd to Fields of Blood,  
 What Dangers had dismay'd, what Armies had  
 O'er prostrate Foes victorious he had <sup>[withstood]</sup> past,  
 And laid *Britannia's* fruitful Valleys wast.

O! *Rumour* ! Thou ! who (sadly it appears)  
 With searching Eyes art hung, and list'ning Ears,  
 O ! why, malignant Goddess ! was thy Mind  
 To such unrighteous Purposes inclin'd ?  
 Why didst thou blast a *Plot*, in which unite  
 A *Nation's* Welfare, and a *Prince's* Right ?

Say,



y, did the Cause from blind Caprice proceed,  
 t was the rash Resolve by Fate decreed,  
 hat, when the *Plan* was almost ripe for Birth,  
 ne and after so much Pains to bring it forth,  
 hat, when our Breasts with rip'ning Conquests  
 ou mock'd our rising Joys, and our big Prospects  
 [swell'd,  
 [quell'd.

wn:  
 So, have I often seen a blushing *Rose*,  
 hat bore the blighting Frosts, and Winter Snows,  
 had When first it open'd in its Vernal Bloom,  
 ood? y some invidious Hand receive its Doom.

Thus oft, when Sleep has lull'd my Cares to Rest,  
 And Mimick Fancy wantons in my Breast,  
 rs, Trail Crowns I wear, and Regal Sceptres hold,  
 I tread on Stars, and bathe in liquid Gold.  
 But when a Flood of Light restores the Day,  
 In empty Air the Vision slides away.

Un-

Unhappy *Prince* ! in vain to Empire born !  
 The Jeſt of *Europe*, and *Britannia's* Scorn !  
 Unhappy we ! by falſe *Oſtents* betray'd !  
 Whom perjur'd Heav'n denies his promis'd Aid ;  
 Aid ſure was promis'd us, or thro' the Sky  
 Why did War rage, and routed Squadrons fly \* ?  
 Self-conſcious of her MASTER's guſhing Blood,  
 Why did the DARWENT † roll a ſanguine Flood ?  
 Why did thick Glooms invade the Noonday Light  
 And plunge the World in unexpected Night ?  
 Rent from ſome Rock, why did huge Fragments riſe  
 High o'er the *Thames*, and force the ſtrugling Tide  
 Did not the Beaſts of Nature loath their Food,  
 And ſtain the milky Stream with Clots of Blood ?  
 With fatal Rage the dire Contagion ſpread,  
 And heap'd the Paſtures o'er with horny Dead ;

\* *The Comet.*  
*great Froſt.*

† *The Earl of Darwentwater's Execution.*

|| *The*

n ! scarce thro' the Herd was left a Cow alive :  
 Must *Cattle* perish, and shall *Whigs* survive?  
 Shall sudden Night the *Solar* Orb deface,  
 id ; And no Defect attend the BRUNSWICK Race?  
 It was the Purpose of th' Almighty Mind  
 \* ? By us perverted, or but ill divin'd ?  
 , For see ! the People's KING, austere in Age,  
 od ? smiles at our fruitless Toil, and mocks our disap-  
 ight What boots in Air to gain a fancy'd Field, <sup>[pointed Rage.</sup>  
 doom'd on Earth in real Fights to yeild?  
 s rid conscious Horrour damps my rising Pride,  
 ide My Fears increasing, as my Hopes subside ;  
 My Reason staggers, and demands a Pause,  
 od ? and half inclines me to distrust our Cause :  
 but my big Soul, grown jealous of her Fame,  
 ; Disdains the Thought, nor brooks a Turncoat's Name.

The<sup>s</sup>

Tho' wrapt in turbid Mists, the *Solar Ray*  
 Labours in Darknefs, and involves the Day †;  
 Tho' clad in Empire fits the *GEORGIAN Line*,  
 And laughs our bolder Claim, and *Right Divine*,  
 Tho' a large *ISSUE*, to secure our Shame,  
 Thro' length of Time transmits the *BRUNSWICK*  
 Yet still our zealous Labours shall remain, [Name  
 And in the People's Hearts victorious reign :  
 Posterity with streaming Eyes shall trace,  
 And blefs the Annals of the *Tory Race*;  
 Shall mourn their fated Schemes, and causeless Woe  
 And curse the Rancour of their *Roundhead Foes*.  
 Far distant Realms, and latest Times shall tell  
 Of dauntless *MILBOURN*, bold *SACHEVERELL*;  
*HIGGONS* and *STUBBS* shall fill the Mouth of Fame  
 And deathless as their Doctrines be their Name ;

---

† *The Eclipse.*



Industrious WELTON shall o'er Time prevail,

When Monumental Brass and Marble fail ;

His *Altar-Piece* unrivall'd will impart

A lasting Pattern of his peerless Art.

What Numbers, will be equal to contain

Of GORTZ and GYLLENBORG th' unweary'd Pain?

Eterniz'd are those Saints, who, for their King,

Fell by the greedy Ax, or fatal String.

When future Worlds such sad *Memoirs* shall hear,

What Breast will grudge a Sigh, what Eye refuse a  
[Tear?

Nor let our OXFORD, in remoter Days,

Despond to flourish in Immortal Praise ;

Tho' into Ruins her fair Domes be thrown

By vengeful Thunder, or the Victor's Frown,

Unfully'd with Reproach, her Fame shall live

In after-times, and long her Fate survive.

The wand'ring Trav'ler, curious shall explore  
 The friendly Roof ( a Roof alas ! no more ! )  
 Which screen'd our faithful \* OWEN from the Rage  
 Of BRUNSWICK's Arms, and a distemper'd Age.  
 (When in Ill-omen'd Pomp, and dark Array,  
 From shameful Death the Warriour sped his way  
 Half loth to trust him to the Guardian Hearse,  
 What Tongue the dire Occasion did not curse ? )  
 Where to the View ascends yon mouldy Stone,  
 An *Irish* Earl † excluded BRUNSWICK's Son.  
 Here stood the Pile, that bred in Times of old,  
 In Virtue's Cause a Patriot ever bold,  
 To grace, O ! *Rochester*, thy sacred See :  
 And here Sir Con || accepted his Degree.

---

\* *Col. Owen, the Chief of the Oxford Conspirators.*

† *The Lord Arran, elected Chancellor of the University, in opposition to the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.*

|| Phipps.

e Such direful Scenes in future Times shall rise,  
 Such direful Scenes shall please the Pilgrim's Eyes:  
 Ragh thronging Crouds Religious Priests shall come  
 ge. For Relicks, to Recruit th' exhausted Stores of *Rome*.

way In pompous Lays some tuneful Bard shall sing  
 e, The matchless Virtues of his *Native King* ;  
 ?) *Swift*, famous grown for many a solid Line,  
 e, or *Pope*, the Idol of the Laurel'd Nine)  
 eonian Dames shall fill the Loyal Song,  
 d, And brawny Doctors, a promiscuous Throng ;  
 Doctors and Dames shall swell in ev'ry strain,  
 and *Rich's* Actor's vye with *Drury-Lane*.  
 'Oll Who' *BRUNSWICK's* DUKE usurps the Real Throne,  
 and plumes himself with Honours, not his own ;  
 laugre his Arms, in Verse THOU shalt obtain  
 tion to An Absolute, Unlimited, *Domain*.

Nor wilt *Thou* sure, unhappy PRINCE ! refuse  
 The Duteous Labours of the painful Muse ;  
 Since many a *Chief*, alike by Fortune crost,  
 Has priz'd the *Shadow*, who the *Substance* lost.

**F I N I S.**

